

UNOFFICIAL CFC FANZINE • HOT PIES •

Hot Pies

see you in 2000 hotter than ever
contributions, subscriptions, lawsuits etc at the addresses below
po box 6046 collingwood north 3066 **editors** johnny taranto & ben mcauliffe
email: hotpies@vicnet.net.au

contents

regulars

- 2 **Eddietorial**
3 **Letters**
The footy talketh starteth hereth.
6 **Unknown sauces**
What was that you said?



Hot Pies

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Collingwood North 3066

Editors Johnny Taranto & Ben McAuliffe

Contributors

Mick O'Kane, Toff, Hotrod (Illustrations),
Fred Negro (cover), Darso (one more time),
Iris (back cover poem), XL Boys and
everybody to the right.

Gameday sellers

Emma, Yvette, Kate, Jason,
Chris, Bid, Sally,

Subscriptions & advertising

email: hotpies@vicnet.net.au

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Hot Pies will not be burdened by truth or fact
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anything we say to be factual you are
mistaken. We do not set out to offend, but we
understand that the free expression of opinion
can infringe upon the sensitive egos of
pampered primadonnas. If you choose to read
this please don't believe it, loosen up and
laugh. God knows with the season we face, if
we don't laugh we're gonna cry.
Oh yeah, some material may offend.

golden moments

- 8 **Home Sweet Home**
Mick O'Kane
11 **Peanut Man**
John Dear
12 **The Wildman**
Sandy Matheson
13 **Ramon's Magic Moments**
Ramon
14 **When a routine becomes a ritual**
Damien Burgess
17 **The Coach's Lunchbox**
Carl Crotty
18 **Magpie moments that changed
the World**
Jason Hill
20 **The first time**
Greg Baum

Jock McHale Megaposter

- 24 **Map 44 (E4)**
Paul O'Farrell
25 **The Vic Park Outer**
Iris Anderson
26 **Big Uncle Bob**
Pete the Pieman
28 **House Rules**
Paul Niall
30 **Gods, heroes & villains**
The Dobb
33 **The Passing of a Legend**
Matt Emmitt
34 **Shaking hands with Mr McHale**
Wayne Levy
37 **Conversion to the Faith**
Len Thompson
38 **Kickbacks & Karma**
The Sniper
40 **From Tassie with Love**
Michael Wilson
41 **Innercity Royboy**
Strawbs
Green, green, grass of home
POFF
43 **Collingwood at Vic Park**
Book review



Eddietorial

Welcome to the aloha, over and out, adios, arriverderci, later dude, bon voyage, cheerio, check ya bags, sayonara, seeya round like a rissole Vicky Park farewell, souvenir edition of Hot Pies . . . (or Issue 4 for short.)

In this edition we shall attempt the impossible. Our mission (and we choose to accept it) is to capture some of the moments, emotions and memories of the people who made Vicky Park the magnificent icon that it is today.

The occasionally uncouth, sometimes distasteful, but always loyal, passionate and emotional Collingwood supporters.

When people toast Vicky Park and talk about how special it is, they don't talk much about the architecture, the surface or even the quality of the football. They talk about the supporters. They talk about us.

We are responsible for continuing a fine tradition that has earned Vicky Park the reputation for being the most feared venue for opposition teams in the country.

Our incomparable irrational interest in Collingwood is unique not only in Australia but also in global terms.

Victoria Park is a venue where the toothless unemployed and the Queen Street QC can make equally as big a dick of themselves over the same cause.

Vicky Park has been the site of many fights and many tears in over a hundred years.

Whilst conventional history chronicles the events on the field and in the Boardroom the personal social histories of common supporters are rarely given their due respect.

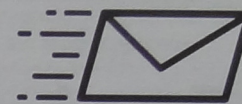
So within the limited confines of our fanzine we shall attempt to share some of the events and memories that have drawn and bonded the people in the outer.

These people have as much as anyone else shaped and defined the Collingwood ethos.

We've also thrown in a few stories from people who created their own histories and legends at Victoria Park - Lou Richards and Len Thompson to name just two.

We hope these stories from both sides of the fence trigger some of your own personal Vicky Park memories and go a small way to defining what it means to barrack for Collingwood and watch them play at Victoria Park.

Letters



Dear Hot Pies,

I'd like to take this opportunity to voice my unrest over the AFL's Gayfer-Hat Policy. Ian Collins's decision in March which required Michael Gayfer to cover his head whilst running on the playing arena is totally unfair. I find Micky Gayfer quite attractive and he is a gentleman to boot. The claim that he contravenes Rule 331-(B) "club's must not engage in activities which may scare small children" is a farce. I have eight small children under nine years of age and sure they were scared by Micky when they first saw him but they have grown to embrace him as I hope to. Any claims that he is the ugliest man in football are absurd as long as Dennis Commetti keeps his job.

**Debbie Baxter
Baxter**



Dear Hot Pies' Eds

Victoria Park is the best ground you will ever see football at. The reason I say this is because it is everything the AFL isn't. For years they have tried to push us out. Well today is the last game you will ever see at Victoria Park. All we have left are the memories and while we all rip the ground apart for any souvenirs, I want all Collingwood supporters to just take a minute to think about how lucky we have been to have had our own ground for so long. So don't blame the club for losing our ground, blame the weak, pathetic, money

hungry fools that try to run this game. Blame the AFL. Blame the AFL. Blame the AFL for everything that happens in the world because they deserve it and we love to hate them. On a serious note I would like to take this time and precious space in Hot Pies to thank everyone at Hot Pies for giving us Collingwood supporters a truly great fanzine.

Jason Cilia

Dear Hot Pies

Recently I went to the farm yard to see Collingwood vs. The Farmers and if I hear anyone bag the facilities at Victoria Park look out. To start off with I had to pay the ridiculous price of \$32.50 for admission into the paddock and a reserved seat. WHAT A F#*%en RIP OFF. To make things worse I was seated in the middle of pussy cat supporters who complained about everything under the sun including their own ground. One of them got quite annoyed when I told them that their ground wasn't worth pissing on and also it is no myth that they take handbags to the football is no myth believe me. It's too bad they bribed the umpires with shares in Pyramid Bank because in the end we were robbed. Just goes to show the are blind!

After this I have come to the educated conclusion that the Geelong Football Club are a bunch of thieving pricks that have a shit ground.

**Unhappy pies fan
Gladstone Park**

Guys,

Purchased a copy of the fanzine recently prior to another Pies defeat and was thoroughly entertained during what was an otherwise miserable day (Methinks it was the Carlton debaaaaarcle). Since this time I have been reading with interest the comments appearing on Nick's web site (another superb independent production). I just wanted to add my voice of support to the whole concept and knowing the difficulty of turning an idea into a reality tell you to "keep punching" (to quote another mad magpie fan and star of the all-time greatest Australian film "The Club").

Jason Hill

Dear Ed,

I know that teams of the century are merely academic exercises designed to create an occasion to have a dinner for past players, but I must protest at the inclusion of Clinton King in your Hot Pies team of the century. This spot should have gone to Nathan Buckley. Not only is he not a worthy player, he has disgusting table manners and keeps using the same joke about "whose hair is this in my soup?"

N.B.

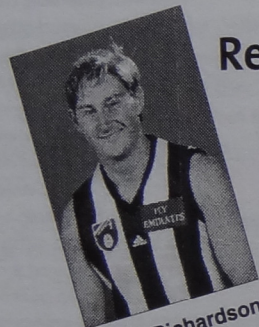
Dear Eds,

I agree with the letter in the last edition regarding fundraising for player's holidays. It lead me to think about another "honour" bestowed on players for their services. Each year clubs promote long serving



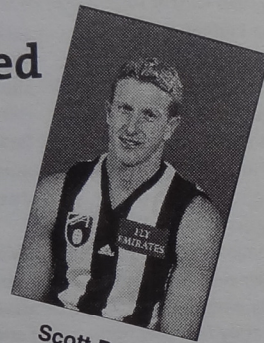
The Footsteps Collection

The undergarments specifically designed for Half Back Flankers

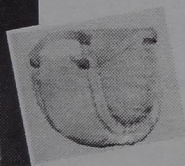


Mark Richardson

Recommended
& Used
by



Scott Burns



You know the situation. You're waiting all day for a hospital pass to arrive and all you can hear are the dreaded footsteps. Now you don't have to worry about soiling your shorts whilst you cop a knee to the kidneys.

The Footsteps Collection™ is the first AFL Unapproved undergarment designed to take care of those unwanted displays of emotion



The Kingy
(small)



The Brownny
(medium)



The Monky
(large)

past players to the esteemed position of LIFE MEMBER. Now, look at the modern professional player. If the likes of Tarrant, Davis etc fulfil their potential and play 10 or 12 years at the club it is not unreasonable that they will also earn over \$1,000,000 over that period (excluding end of season trips!). There are many people in a club who volunteer their services, skills and money over a longer period of time to support the club. Many would give their most treasured possessions to have the talent of a Jason Wild just to say they have played one game for the club, let alone 10 years of games. Female supporters would never have the opportunity to pull on the boots no matter how talented athletically they are or were. There are many people from coterie groups who contribute tens of thousands of dollars, to members who contribute financially and spiritually to the club, through to supporters and raffle ticket sellers who give their hearts and their time. Each contributes to the club according to their means and situation. They are members for life, and pay for the privilege. Now that players are earning more in one year than most of us have paid for our house (or at least our car), charge for autographs and want to be treated as professionals they must also forgo their rights to freebies.

It is time for clubs to review their policies on life membership to acknowledge both these changes and the continued loyalty of off-field contributors to the clubs existence and success.

Paul

Dear Hot Pies,

OK on to the first bounce. We overseas Aussies who support the great game of footy are at a distinct disadvantage when it comes to receiving live commentary each week. Going to the game is of course the ultimate way to experience a game but that wasn't always possible, even when living in good old Oz. A second option was the opportunity to tune in to the radio.

Or, if we were really lucky, to turn on the TV and watch the game, trying to keep the in-laws, visitors, hosts and other-like impediments happy with a few sub-human grunts while we could soak up all the action. Interestingly enough these occasions promoted the usefulness of advertisements to a new level of strategic benefit. But I digress from the good old radio transmissions, the major thrust of my ex-pat driven polemic.

It's amazing how even the most arduous of chores like painting or gardening could be compared to peaceful meditation when listening to the mantras of: so and so's "in the van", "do you mind umpire?", "yibbedy yibbada" and all the all their dialectical delectables.

Strange also how it was a right of passage thing, expected to happen and not perceived to be anything like a privilege. Even if the great Pies weren't on direct there would be round the ground updates.

All that has suddenly evaporated for us ex-pats. We huddle around screens emailing each other while waiting for the electronic scoreboard to be updated.

Why? At one stage Triple M

managed to broadcast over the Net but apparently it was quashed by the AFL. Why? The Internet broadcasts of other programmes and events is common so what's the problem? I just wish the AFL would address this issue and realise how much benefit they would provide (and potentially receive) from nurturing this sector of under-privileged non-listening supporters.

I have already shown (legitimate) tapes of the game to Chinese friends in Hong Kong and they have watched, enthralled at the speed and skill involved.

A few of them are already "converted" to the black and white and would also like to be able to "meditate" on the week-end.

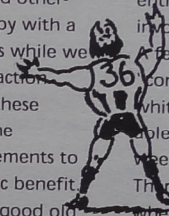
There comes a point in time when revenue isn't the only consideration.

The purpose of this letter is to ask the simple question "why are overseas listeners not able to enjoy net-cast broadcasts?" I hope it opens up some discussion on the issue and leads to a more community based policy. If not, I would at least expect to know why we have to miss out on such a valued component of our contact with the game we love.

Pie no sauce.

lawrence.martin
Hong Kong, China

All Hot Pies scribes please note that we have changed our email address. Write to us now at:
hotpies@vicnet.net.au



unknown sauces ...

COLLIWOBBLE GRAVE DIGGING

Negotiations between the Collingwood Football Club and the MCC continue over the future of the Collywobble casket. Pie fans will remember the ceremonial casket was buried in the centre wicket area of Victoria Park following the 1990 Premiership.

Collingwood want the casket relocated to it's new home at the MCG claiming: "There's is no disputing the significance of the Collywobble casket to the post-modern Australian psyche, given its religious and historical

significance there's no reason why it shouldn't find be at home at Australia's home of sport."



UNREAL ESTATE

Property tycoon and Collingwood playboy Allan McAllister has submitted Victoria Park sub-division plans for Council approval. McAllister claims that the integrity of the environment will be maintained whilst maximising the exciting property potential. To be called 'Colling-Polished -Wood Floors', exclusive two and three bedroom apartments would be constructed in the centre square area. Says McAllister, "Apartment living is the way of the future, I can't believe other developers haven't cottoned onto it earlier."not worthy!"

VIDEO HIGHLIGHTS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

The Geoff Hayward Award goes to Andrew Schauble for sprinting from the free kick to create space and provide a target. Problem was the free kick was awarded to Essendon and Schaub's opponent was most appreciative of the space created and proved a very effective target. Nice one Schaub.

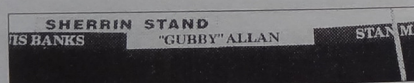
CONSIDER THIS ...

Next time you look up at the list of Collingwood legends that ring the Vic Park stands stop at the name that sits in prime real estate behind the Sherrin Stand goals between Stan the Man and Banksie. "Gubby" Allan. Then ask yourself what could possibly be the criteria for getting your name up there.



Collingwood champion? Definitely. 200 games? Probably. Club captain, Copeland Trophy winner? Yeah no worries. How about this then? Reject player from Fitzroy plays 54 games in five seasons and

kicks a total of 29 goals and is most remembered for a pathetic short pass to Simon Beasley at the Western Oval. And he gets his name on the honour roll. Would it have anything to do with the fact he was working at the club at the time the names went up?



MERCHANDISING MAYHEM

Along with the all the merchandising mayhem surrounding the last game at Victoria Park is a list of exclusive merchandising products available to members of the Elite Mad-Pies coterie. Products available include: a pair of leg callipers as worn by Billy Picken for \$10,000, a vile of Murray Weidemanns sperm for \$300, the soiled underpants worn by Jezza when K.O. Ed by Stan Magro. And 2000 Tom Hafey T-shirts at \$50 each. Be quick as stocks can't last.

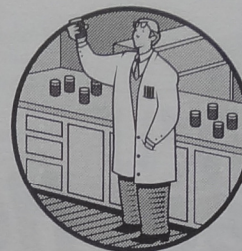
The only way to guarantee you're gonna get your Hot Pies next year is to subscribe

NOW



HOOKES EXPLAINED

A recent CSIRO study has identified that raw sewage is the mystery ingredient that gives Adelaide water its unique 'tang'. Researchers also discovered that mediocre second-rate hometown-hero washed-up



balding overweight ex-sportsman raised on this water supply not only drank shit, but also speak it when working in the media. This evidence is being used in defence of Hookes's recent comments relating to Collingwood's on-field intentions. The insinuation that any Magpie team gives less than everything they've got smells worse than the water he was raised on.

INTERNET MADNESS

It's nice see that Richard "The Mad Professor" Stremski has been maintaining the relevance of the CFC website by recently posting a denial of any association with that scurrilous fanzine (what's it called again?) and its associated web site. Check this out for a disclaimer and if you agree with it please call the Club and vent your rage: "Disclaimer: The Club has no association whatsoever with the Fanzine issues or internet site that has appeared recently. The Club has neither sanctioned nor endorsed the fanzine and never views the material in it beforehand. General Manager Richard Stremski." Phew! Lucky he didn't mention the name of that fanzine otherwise you might have all immediately gone out and bought it.

HOT PIES APOLOGISES

In Issue #3 of Hot Pies the article "Sack the Dietician" featured a photograph of Billy Cook. Billy is not the dietician and the article was a satirical critique of the pursuit of scapegoatism. Billy is a much loved and valued servant of the Club and we apologise for any confusion we may have caused.

MORE BANG FOR OUR BUCKS

Collingwood today announced a new long term recruiting strategy. The policy aims to take advantage of the father and son rule which has delivered many sons of favourite sons over the years. Football Director, Neil Balme today declared: "Most Clubs sit back and wait to see how the sons of past players turn out. We believe you have to be more pro-active than that in today's game. As such, with the help of Club stalwart and leading gynaecologist, Dr S.H.Long we proudly announce the Collingwood Football Club Breeding Program." In what many say is a leading edge move the scheme involves Club Perpetual Best & Fairest, All-Australian, Morally-Adjusted Brownlow medallist and deadset legend, Nathan Buckley being put into stud for three months of the year. Former captain Gavin Brown has also put his hand up to once again put his body on the line for the Club. These team players are to be coupled with leading female athletes to ensure the bloodlines are strongly sporting. Just who these lucky ladies are exactly cannot be confirmed but insiders say that Club supporter Emma Carney is high on the hit list. While super mum and marathon winner Heather Turland is believed to have expressed an interest to join Rowdy on the veterans list. Balme says the Club will extend the program to past greats and has held preliminary discussions with Peter Daicos and Mick McGuane. Still bitter, Len Thompson refused the Club's advances saying he'd been f****d by the Club too many times already. So with good ruckmen so scarce Big Damian Monkhorst has also volunteered his services. The big guy is believed to be training solo at this stage bringing a new meaning to the term spanking the Monkey.

Home Sweet Home

There's a lot more to Vic Park than really meets the eye

For a kid growing up in Mulgrave it was like Mecca. It was a place I knew was hallowed even before I first went there.

My Grandad had been going for years.

First from Resavoir, then Noble Park he would make the trek to every home game.

Any social invitation was first vetted by checking the footy fixture.

As a kid my experiences had been limited to VFL Park and the odd game at the MCG so I was rapt when I convinced him to start taking me to Victoria Park.

We would analyse our chances (always optimistic) on the train in then we'd part ways at the gate, Grandad to the Social Club (he was one of the few who got there early enough to sit in those seats in front of the social club) and me to the Sherrin Stand.



Cam the Pies Seventies style

I joined the cheer squad and sat amongst complete strangers.

Kids from places like Northcote and Clifton Hill.

I was incredibly jealous to hear that these kids lived so close they could come and watch training after school. Some of them wore AC/DC t-shirts and seemed tougher than any of the kids out my way.

When you joined the Cheer Squad you received a special sew-on patch.

I remember the 1985 one had a caricature of Mark Williams gleefully raising the premiership cup.

I wondered each time I put my duffle coat on, what inside knowledge, what great insights the inner sanctum of the cheer squad had.

Could it be that the powers had already leaked it to them.

Put down your glasses '85 will be the year of the Pies.

Either way it was a brave statement of hope and support and I wore it like a badge of honour.

The Cheer Squad had the allure of being part of the Club, hell we were even called the Collingwood Official Cheer Squad.

I also held a faint hope of meeting chicks.

Yeah, I know, join the Collingwood cheer squad to meet chicks – Jesus I was naive when I think about it.

It took about a quarter of footy to realise that unlike the Bluebirds our cheer squad chicks were generally Barry Crockers (some traditions never die!).

They had a more important purpose.

Their job was to intimidate the opposition and they did a frighteningly good job.

My role in the cheer squad was very much that of a passenger.

I would happily wait until the chant of COLLINGWOOD . . . CLAP, CLAP, CLAP . . . COLLINGWOOD had gathered up a full head of steam.

Only when I was confident that it would reach up into the Sherrin Stand did I add my breaking voice and a muffled clap through fingerless gloves.

We could really get the place rocking and when you heard the chant taken up at the other end of ground you really believed it made a difference.

One day, in 1985 I think, it pissed rain from start to finish.

We were struggling but somehow we managed to beat league leader Hawthorn.

We screamed ourselves hoarse as Charlie Manson lead the way with five goals in the slush.

I passed Shirley Strachan on my way out of the ground certain that without our efforts our boys would not have beaten his beloved Hawks.

The look on his face seemed to acknowledge the aura of the ground.

The cheer squad revelled in its position as the focal point of the crowd's aggression.

We had our bag of tricks.



Pelting the Sherrin back at the goal umpire's head after a dodgy decision.

Throwing the footy away from the opposition full back to give our boys a chance to man up.

Personally I never reached the ultimate in cheer squad existence – lifting the banner.

The closest I came was to follow the blanket around one day and pick up the coins.

Two of my school mates spotted me as we passed the outer wing and unbeknown I managed to dodge their copper missiles.

I must now confess some 14 years later to having pocketed a small commission from this fund-raising lap of honour. As I munched into my 4n20 I justified my actions on the basis of danger money. I'm sure I wasn't the only one.

Finally I ran out of space on my duffle coat and moved on.

Phil and I took up our position in the outer and experienced a different side of Victoria Park.

We moved around a lot during the next few years and I reckon I've seen at least one game from almost every spot in the outer.

I took a Melbourne mate of mine to a season opener one year. It was typical first round weather. Stinking hot and sun tans.

Daics turned on one of his best.

He slotted a goal from an impossible angle.

Fluke was the nicest thing my mate could throw at it.

Until he did it again and again and again.

"Oh Daics, ooh Daics – why don't you all have an orgasm!"

After I got my more sexually advanced mate to explain to me what that meant he

continued next page

explained quite eloquently that the whole crowd reacted to Daics like they've just shot their load. And he was right.

Following the Pies in the late 80s and early 90s meant you rode on the Macedonian Marvel rollercoaster each week.

And he saved his best for Vic Park.

Whilst my mate's comments inferred an ejaculation of the premature kind there was no doubt the crowd lifted when Daics found the ball.

We knew something great was about to happen.

And it would build . . . he scoops it up and steps out of the pack, YES! baulks the first opponent, leaving him dumbfounded, YES!! he runs toward the boundary line, YES! YES! he kicks across the ball sending it running along the ground toward the point post, SIGH!, it kicks on the last bounce, straightens up and bounces through – YEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS!!!

As the crowd climaxed Daics would raise an arm, give us one of his toothless smiles and quote Austin Powers under his breath . . . YEAH BABY!!!

These were heady days and only got headier as we moved into the Social Club. The VBs went down and the Pies went up.

1990

And yes there was that day and that night in 1990. It seems surreal looking back.

We sang the song again and again.

One of my mates (a non-Pies bandwagon jumper) got so pissed he threw my pie at me. He was that drunk he denied doing it but bought me another one.

I told him to stick it up his arse and he threw that one at me too.

I belted him one and we proceeded to recreate the quarter time brawl.

He cracked the shits and stormed off into the darkness of the grandstand.

Feeling even more victorious I was devastated to later learn he managed to find a young lady in the Rush Stand willing

to lick more than his wounds.

The bastard! (To this day it's unclear where the cheer squad was partying at the time!)

Still, I figured that a premiership was more rare than a blowjob and declared myself the winner. To this day I'm still a premiership ahead of him.

Only eight months ago I moved in just around the corner from the ground. I drive past it on my way to work everyday.

My move was years too late for me to savour the riches of the place.

There is no finishing work early to watch them train on the way home.

Professional training sessions at midday have put an end to that.

To the outsider it appears a run down suburban ground, a sad representation of the most famous club in the land.

We know because the AFL has told us for years. And now they've said enough is enough.

But what they don't understand is that Vic Park isn't about the shoddy black and white paint job on the back of the Sherrin Stand, or about that broken window in the social club they've refused to fix for the last 20 years.

It's not even about buying a piece of the sacred turf.

Mike Brady got it right all those years ago when he sung: "There's a lot more things to football than really meets the eye".

Premiership Stats

These are the stats we racked up in the aftermath of the 1990 Premiership:

- 9600 slabs or 230,400 cans were sold at Vicky Park in the week following the Grand Final. (\$2.50 a can or \$60 a slab)
- No forklift.
- one ear bitten off (first floor bar)
- It took 40 people three days, on their hands and knees, to remove all the broken glass from every sacred square inch of turf



John Dear

The Peanut Man

"E arnuts, twennysensabag!""E arnuts, twennysensabag!" I wonder how many regular footygoers of the seventies and eighties remember that familiar gravelly chant that for some of us was as much a part of the game as the game itself.

He was there every week, at Victoria Park, the rotund little man with eyes wedged between tousled mop of hair and black rimmed spectacles that were held together with tape, threadbare brown jumper with more holes than material and pants that always alluringly showed half the crack of his shapeless old arse.

In fact, the huge hessian sack full of peanuts he lugged around over his shoulder was the most attractive piece of material I ever saw him adorned with.

Perhaps that was just the clobber he wore when he sold his peanuts at the footy but I always suspected that if I saw him in the city on a Tuesday or walking through the gardens on a Sunday morning he'd have the same gear on and possibly even a sack full of peanuts over his shoulder.

He was that type of bloke. He didn't care about fashion, he was too old for that. He just sold peanuts for twennysensabag at the footy.

He was a bit of an institution, the Peanut Man. He was a relic of the gritty, industrial inner suburban school of hard knocks. A survivor.

When you saw the Peanut Man you thought of the Great Depression and

Collingwood boot factories. Phonse Kyne and gladstone bags.

I saw him plying his trade at Waverley a few times but it just wasn't the same. He was a little piece of the past walking the boundary line, out of place, his aura swallowed up by the cavernous, concrete mountains.

People didn't see him in all his dilapidated glory out there, they just saw a funny looking old bloke with a sack.

They don't want peanuts for twennysensabag at Waverley, they want Hyperspace dogs that cost \$27.50 or Alpha Centauri burgers in exchange for their first born from the 48th floor snack bar.

They want to be served by people who are dressed like Captain Kirks love children. Not bloody old deros with sacks.

"Don't go near that dirty old man, Trent. I don't like the look of his sack."

No, the Peanut Man belonged at Collingwood. He belonged on

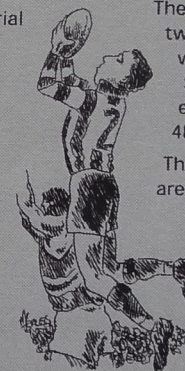
the working class gravel terraces, surrounded by blue smoke haze and corrugated iron fences and chimneys.

I think about the Peanut Man now and then. When I go to the footy I always hope that raspy chant will come wafting over the crowd. It doesn't any more. Maybe he died.

Maybe he got mugged by an elephant.

If he died I hope they buried his sack with him, I wouldn't think it could go on without him.

I liked the Peanut Man.



The Wildman

My favourite times at Vic Park were in the mid-seventies, aged twelve.

Phil Carman was on fire, and Billy Picken was taking marks over the best in the league.

Stan Magro and Wortho stood rugged in defence, and Ronny Wearmouth was creating havoc with Ray Shaw.

How can I ever forget the time spent near the cheer squad to the right of the goals, balancing on the cyclone fence and hoping it would stand up to the shaking it received when the Pies kicked a goal.

It was where I learnt many facts of life from the Collingwood Sharps.

They stood below me, it was their vantage point to drink heaps of Vic in real tins, and recount their previous weeks sexploits, and brag about their blues with the Fitzroy Skins.

Then there was the main attraction. When Collingwood really needed a lift, up jumped "Bugs" aka "The Wildman".

It was my nickname for the tall skinny guy with the long hair, goatee beard and the wild eyes.

He charged up on cans during the first half, and then let loose some time during the third or fourth quarters.

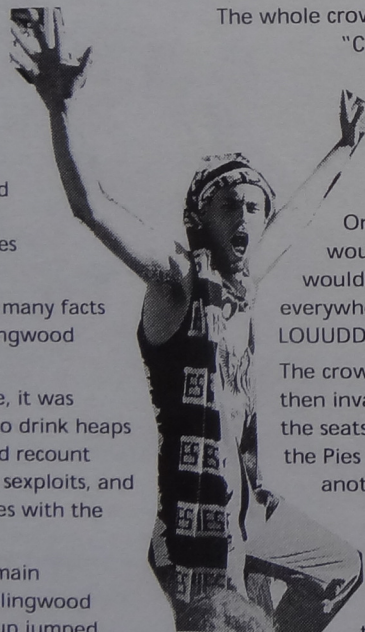
He would climb onto the front row seats, swaying around and scream "WHERE DO WE COME FROM?"

The whole crowd would reply "COLLINGWOOD", and he would scream "LOUDER", we'd scream "COLLINGWOOD" etc,etc.

On it went, until his eyes would be popping out, he would be spraying saliva everywhere and bellowing LOUUDDDER.

The crowd would be in a frenzy, then invariably he would fall off the seats into the crowd, and the Pies would motor on for another win.

Where is he nowadays, we could do with his voice and charisma for our launch towards premiership 2000.



Ramon's Magic Moments

- **Libba** kicking a goal in front of the Members in the 3rd quarter. Thinking it was the sealer he gave the members the two finger salute and we came back and beat them and didn't he cop it!
- **Johnny Worsfold** running scared all day from Darren Millane in 1990, in the return bout after JW foolishly clapped him off the ground in Round 1 at Subi.
- **Charlie Manson** kicking 5 goals in soaking wet conditions to beat Hawthorn in 1985.
- **The riot** after the Swans match in 1986 when we were robbed yet again.
- **Tuddy's** return to Vic Park as a Bomber in 1971 and we kicked 30.20, the cheersquads punched on and ruined each others banners, the floggers caught, fire and McKenna bagged 13.
- **Fabulous Phil's** one handed speckie in the goalsquare against North in the wet.
- **Ronnie Wearmouth** KOing Lawrie Fowler of Melbourne in the late '70s.
- **Rene Kink** KOing Tucky in the late '70s

after he Tucky went for the grab near his nether region.

- **Tuddy** breaking his arm on Mark Maclure's head in '76, trying to knock him out.
- **Craig Kelly's** dental work on Doolan and other KO's on Bayes and Hall.

• **BT going beserk** against Danny Hughes in the second quarter versus Melbourne in 1985.

• **Micky McGuane's** limp leg versus Freo and the year before when he gave it to Scott Chisolm and sucked him in time after time for free kicks and goals.

• **Classic Collingwood** shit stirring Round 22 1996 when we beat the Brisbane Bears as they prepared to merge with Fitzroy.

The cries that the merger was already a success because they were playing like Fitzroy.

- **All Daics's goals**, especially the nine against Richmond in 1981 and the eight against Geelong in 1993.
- **The three-day** celebrations after the 1990 flag.
- **Every glorious Pie** victory.



This is not Ramon, but this is what we imagine Ramon to look like.

When a routine becomes a ritual

Our journey from deep in the eastern suburbs always took us via Kentucky Fried Chicken at Nunawading. (It wasn't called anything as fancy as KFC back then)

You had to stop off for a couple of boxes of chips on the way, because Kentucky's chips were the best. (The secret was that they were sprinkled with chicken salt but that's another story)

The radio was always tuned into 3KZ for a preview of the match, with the Captain and the Major.

Cruising down Studley Park Bridge across the Yarra, you'd catch a glimpse of the big Magpie on the top of the Social Club and the heart would start to race in anticipation of the game.



Then it was a left turn into the maze of small streets in Abbotsford to look for a parking spot, back in the days when you could park within 5 kilometres of the ground.

"There's one!" you'd say to Dad, only to find that

the New Australians living at number 61 had put some pots with tomato stakes in them right out the front of their house, just to stop 'those bloody Collingwood supporters' from parking there all the time.

Once you were in the ground, you assumed position in the Rush Stand, standing right behind the people sitting on the fence.

They got there when the

gates opened so they had earned their seat.

Occasionally they'd take pity on a little kid and let you squeeze in.

I was always envious of them because they got to bash the fence when the Pies goaled or the opposition were having a shot.

Before the game started the Cheer Squad would walk around the boundary with a blanket and all the faithful would chuck money at them.

After the game you'd jump the fence and do a quick scan around for a bit of shrapnel that had missed the target earlier.

Those were the days when footballers had moustaches, not just porn stars..

During the game you'd buy a bag of peanuts from the little bloke with the big hessian bag. I heard he died a few years back... the AFL would have kicked him out anyway.

The Pies always seemed to win back in those days at Victoria Park.

Alan Atkinson and Graeme Anderson would dominate the wings, Kevin Worthington, 'Strop' Cooper and Stan Magro ruled the backline with iron fists, Billy Picken took mark of the year, every year and a young kid with blonde tips named Daicos was making his mark as a centreman.

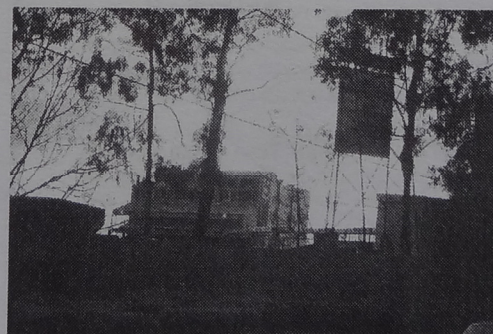
Those were the days when footballers had moustaches, not just porn stars.

After the Pies had won of course, you'd be carried in a sea of supporters out onto Johnston Street to endless renditions of 'Good Old Collingwood Forever'.

On the way back to the car the plays of the day would be mimicked with a bit of scrunched up newspaper.

Then it was up the Studley Park hill over the Yarra, scarves flapping in the breeze out the car window listening to the Captain and the Major sum up why the Pies had won yet again.

Dad would stop at the bottle shop for a couple of 'King Browns' before it was home to watch 'The Big Replay' and relive it all over again. Life doesn't get any sweeter than that.



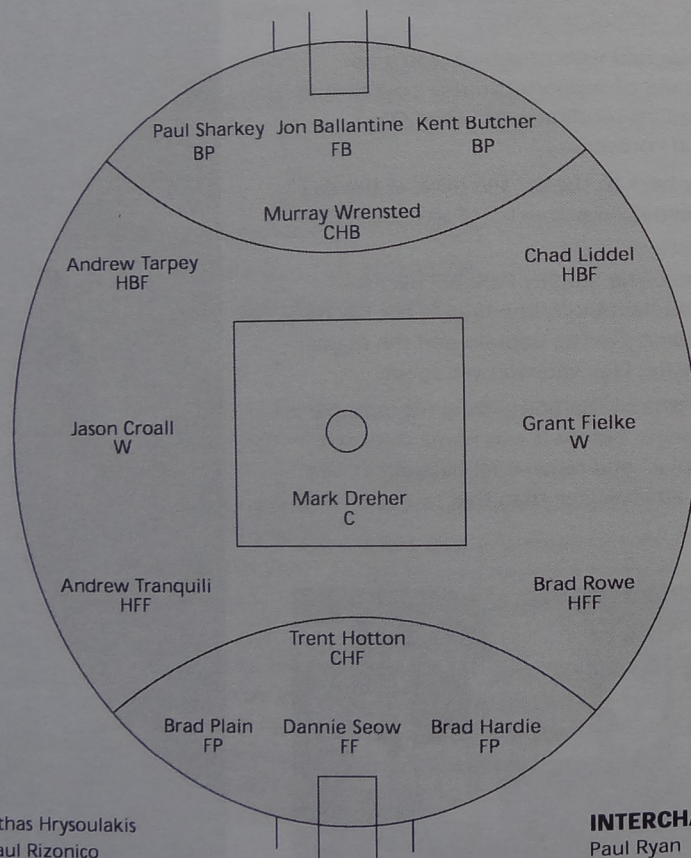
Home Dream Routine

Retreat Hotel
Coupla pots
Mate, mate
Cross the street
Through the gate
Near the clock
Drink a can
Gday, Gday
Where ya been?
Pies are down
Bag o' chips
Half-time stroll
Seen the bogs?
Your shout
Here we go
Willo's goal
Sixty out
On the run
Seals the game
Sing the song
(Throw a can)
Jump the fence
Kick the ball
Leave the ground
Cross the street
Yarra Falls
Grab a jug
Feral crowd
Sing the song
And again
Once more - why not
Top win
Talk shit
Can't speak
Home to dream
End o' routine
TOFF

Hot Pies

"Rising Dud Award"

This season has produced a crop of youngsters who have displayed a lot of potential. History reminds us that 'kids with potential' is nothing new at Victoria Park. The last decade has seen a steady flow of footballers who have shown plenty of potential but never delivered the goods. In honour of these over-paid, overrated ball teasers *Hot Pies* is proud to announce our "Rising Dud Award" team of the decade.



FOLLOWERS: Athas Hrysoulakis
Paul Rizonico
ROVER: Heath Shepherd

INTERCHANGE:
Paul Ryan
Colin Alexander



Carl Crotty

The Coach's Lunchbox

I've never been anywhere near the coaches box at Vic Park. I'm more partial to the grass at the scoreboard end which affords easy access to the Vic Bitter caravans and the stagnant overflowing urinals.

But back when Lethal was at the helm and there was some guile and cunning about our game plan, I often craved some insight into his strategic brilliance.

Let's face facts; our blokes in 1990, while undoubtedly the most effective unit in the comp, didn't have the individual brilliance of say the Hawks who claimed flags before them or North who have won since.

A champion team rather than the other way around. Anyway, I finally got the chance at this insight in a sandwich shop on Johnston Street near the ground.

For about six months we went there every lunchtime (cept Fridays at the Yarra).

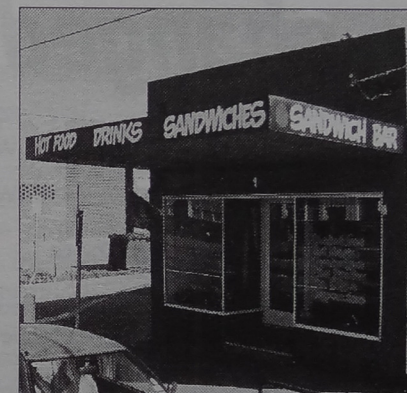
It was the chance of an occasional sighting of the Monk or Ned Kelly scoffing a bag of chips that kept me going there rather than the crap food.

Anyway, I almost gagged on my bone dry veggie lasagna one day when Lethal himself parted the plastic strips over the door.

Not only did he order something but he sat down and ate it with Grubby Allan at one of the tables.

We had lost on the weekend and they were discussing something in earnest.

Plotting, I thought. Scheming. Pulling the game apart. Dissecting. Scrutinising the opposition's weaknesses.



But mumbling; dammit.

I was so desperate to eavesdrop I went up to the counter near them and whispered an order for more food.

GA: "He's a (*chew*) a young kid but he's a goer."

LM: "Put (*chomp chomp*) him in the middle."

GA: "Isn't he (*chomp*) a bit frail?"

LM: "Play him (*slurp*) . . . off the bench."

GA: " (*chomp*) slow starter but (*slurp*) a bloody quick mover."

LM: "Try (*chomp chomp*) the wing?"

GA: "Waddabout (*slurp gargle*) Pants?"

LM: "Back pocket (*burp*)?"

GA: "I dunno he just can't fuckin' kick (*slurp chomp slurp*)"

LM: "Well then .. (*chomp*) the twos (*spit*)"

GA: "The twos (*burp ralph*)"

I think they were talking about Mark Fraser.

Magpie moments that changed the world

Don't ask yourself where you were when man walked on the moon, ask where you were when real history was made.

As I cast my mind back trying to decide which is my favourite Victoria Park memory I was amazed to find how many great memories I have of the ground.

From the early days when Fabulous Phil Carmen, resplendent in his white boots, cut a swathe through the opposition, while the crowd gossiped about his supposed non-appearance at training, to Peter McKenna's century goal-kicking exploits when the cheer squad behind the goals would begin clapping the moment the ball left his boot (just in case it was close and the goal umpire needed convincing).

Then there was Big Al McAlister in the dressing gown on the boundary line and Tommy Hafey in his t-shirt no matter how

cold, Doug Barwick with his double doonas attached to each thigh and Len Thompson's white ankle straps.

I also fondly remember Brian "Barge" Taylor taking apart Peter McCormick in his return to Victoria Park and helping Collingwood to a ten goal first quarter against the hapless Lions.

There was Micky McGuane's dodgy groin injection which saw him miss the ball altogether making him the only player in league history to have had the stats: three possessions, no kicks, no handballs.

I was there the day the Swans knocked us off after some of the worst umpiring in VFL history and if I had been quicker out of the blocks would have followed the rest of the crowd down the race and cracked an umpire myself (luckily another more nimble and fleet footed supporter got there first).



Micky always played better when he had feeling in his legs.

At his court appearance a week later the spectator told the court that the umpire he had hit was a teacher at his local school and he only wanted to pat him on the back and wish him well – so did we all!!

Recent Victoria Park memories revolve around three separate incidents which truly sum up the ground.

The first was the magic of Peter Daicos who seemed to have this capacity to look slow and awkward for much of the day but then in a minute's brilliance make everyone else look slow and awkward by producing a gem of a goal (and like

all good showman he invariably chose the social club pocket-packed with rabid fans from which to get maximum coverage of his feats).

The second defining moment is of a bull of a man grabbing the ball at centre half forward, Sherrin stand end and daring an Eagles player to come near him.

He baulked, pushed, barrelled over and bullied through a flock of Eagles before thumping the ball on his foot and kicking a brutal goal.

The great Darren Millane and Victoria Park will both be missed for the aura surrounding them and the spirit they engendered.

The last defining moment was the first home game at Victoria Park after the 1990 grand final.

Never before have so many people been made

The great Darren Millane and Victoria Park will both be missed for the aura surrounding them and the spirit they engendered.

so happy by the sight of the scoreboard showing 13.11 to 5.11 and a little blue flag fluttering in the breeze.

It was as if together, after suffering for so long, we had triumphed.

We were the best and our rightful place at the top of the heap had been won back.

The struggle had only served to make it all the more worthwhile.

For all these great football memories the real supporter knows that Victoria Park is as

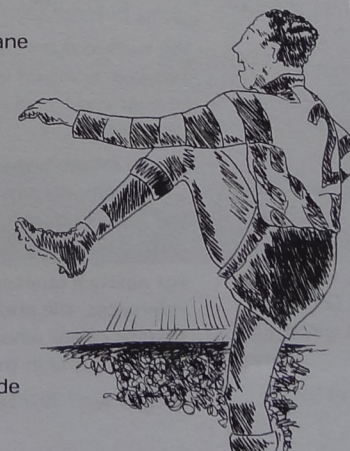
special for what happens off the ground as what happens on it.

Is there any better feeling than crossing the bridge over the Eastern Freeway

knowing that a full day's footy awaits, or sitting in the Sherrin Stand, united as one with a grandstand full of like-minded supporters as the Pies stream goalward which was always followed by the huge roar of approval that follows another Magpie major.

Perhaps it was the simple joy of sitting in the same seat for almost thirty years and seeing only minimal change in the faces around you (it was rumoured that someone needed to die before a seat was available in the Ryder stand) or perhaps it is the witty one liners you hear from the worlds best comedians every week making a day at the footy better than any stand-up routine.

Either way Vic Park will be sadly missed.



The first time

The day Baumie lost his Collingwood virginity
the world became a better place

I well remember the first time I saw the football at Victoria Park. It was mid-way through the third quarter of a Collingwood/Carlton match in the late 60s. It was tumbling end over end on a true course through the Yarra Falls goals. Presumably, it was kicked by Peter McKenna, though I can be no surer now than I was then.

My mate and I, both eight or nine years old, watched it, transfixed, until it disappeared into a knot of wildly cheering people standing on the concrete roof of a toilet block.

It was the first time we had seen the ball for the day, and it would be the last. Not that we cared.

We were at the football, at what I already understood was a shrine of the game, and that was good enough.

My mate's father took us. I wore a Collingwood jumper – no guernseys then – handknitted for me by my grandmother.

The ground was shorter then, with more room behind the outer goals. On match days, that did not mean more space, just bigger crowds.

My mate and I, jammed against his

father at about the height of his hip, didn't have a chance.

My mate's dad lifted me up momentarily at the start of the match so that I could see McKenna and Wes Lofts bump shoulders lightly as they took up their positions.

I booed loudly and heartily at Lofts in a way that caused me to blush years later when I became a football reporter and met Mr Lofts for the first time.

So it was that my mate and I heard the football, smelled the football, felt the football, but did not see it.

We followed the ebbs and flows of the game through the roars of the crowd.

We scuffed our shoes in the dirt of the terraces, wrinkled our noses at the smell of beer and sometimes held our ears against the din.

Above all, we hoped. By listening intently to the remarks around us, we marked off the goals in our Footy Record, though I cannot swear we got them all right.

For nearly a quarter, we puzzled over references, vile and venerable, to a Carlton player whose name we simply could not find in the Record.

Surge? Surj? Sirj? Search? How were we,

boys from the outer suburbs, to know the rather exotic Christian name of number 1. Silvagni, S?

I cannot remember now whether the Magpies won or lost, though it was then a matter of life and death.

I do remember that Len Thompson took a strong mark over John Nicholls, because there was a picture of it on the back page of *The Age* which I traced and coloured it in in arts class the next week.

More than anything else, I remember the feeling that I had been initiated into Victoria Park.

I was to go back there countless more times over the years, to the outer, the

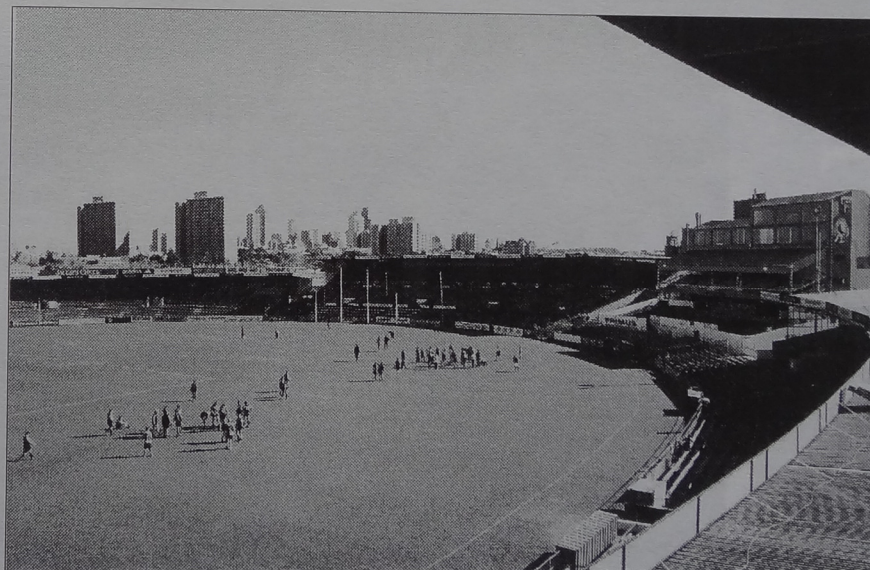
members' reserve, the press box, the clubrooms, sometimes the president's room, and on that unforgettable night in 1990, the stage that was a seventh heaven.

Though I came to recognise the ground for what it was, ageing, outdated and dilapidated, I never lost the feeling that it was a field of dreams.

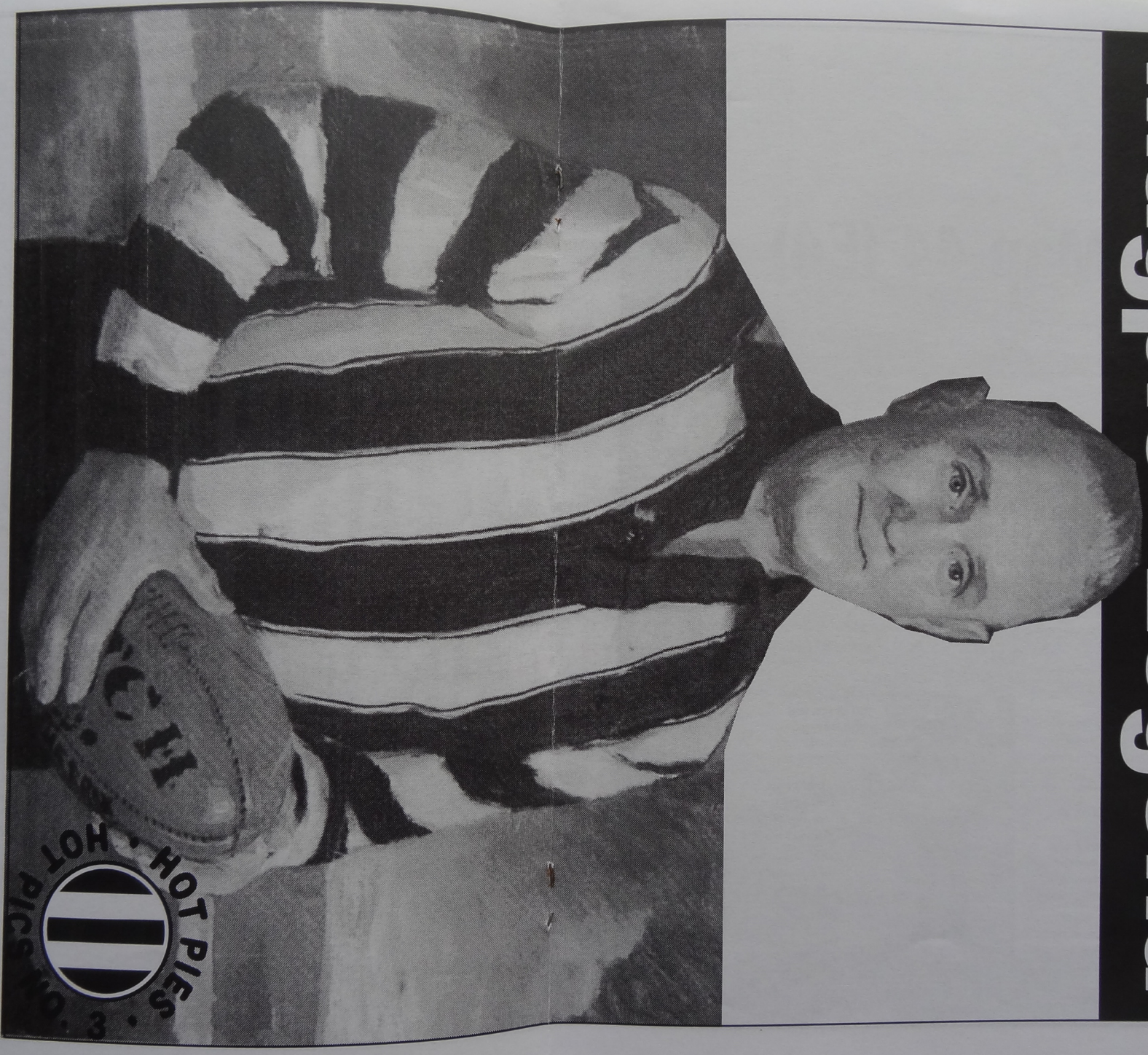
I grew older, taller and wiser to the ways of football, but never so wise as to give up on the game's fantasies.

The first time I went to Victoria Park, I couldn't see the football at all. Later, I could see it, but only through one eye.

I still haven't got around to two.



Magpie Legend



Jock MacHale



Map 44 (E4)

At the time of my football awakening, Tommy Hafey was dragging a slow, lethargic Magpie team into the Grand Final every year.

1979. 1980. 1981. For my family, it became a Show Day holiday routine to pile into the Kingswood stationwagon and head to Lulie Street, Abbotsford, for the last training run of the year.

There they were: Ronnie, The Hulk, Stan the Man, Billy Picken and the rest of them.

Eccentric characters on the cusp of becoming living legends.

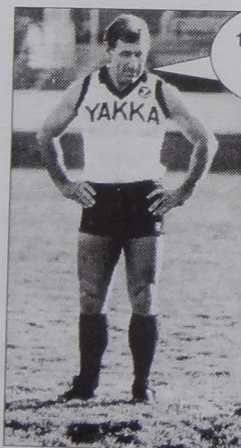
They looked primed to win football's Holy Grail and return the Flag to its spiritual home.

It was not to be, but those training sessions left a massive impression. Even as a pre-pubescent boy, Victoria Park felt like the birthplace of heroes and dreams.

I remember getting home from one of those Show Day, pre-Grand Final training sessions and looking up the Melways.

There, on Map 44 (E4), was a small light green square with a slightly greener oval inside it and three words: "Collingwood Football Ground".

On one side of this green patch was a random, curly blue stripe that read: "Yarra River".



Give me
100 sit-ups you
slow lethargic
bastard

To me, that
moment
became living
proof that
Collingwood can
overcome – and sometimes

ruin – better quality
opponents on its home
ground.

Of course, there is statistical
evidence of the Magpies
superiority at Victoria Park,
but I prefer the memory of
Salmon being stretchered off
the ground.

On the other side, a tiny red lozenge was labelled in bold print: "Victoria Park".

I felt a little cheated – surely the cartographers could have squeezed the word "SPECIAL" in there too.

Fish out of water

A few years later, I returned to this special place with my old man for a mid-season game against a resurgent Essendon.

The only thing I recall from that day was the young Paul Salmon crashing to the ground clutching his knee after a centre square ruck contest.

Salmon was the hottest young prospect in footy at the time.

The injury sidelined him for months (or was it a year) and became part of my personal Victoria Park folklore.

The Vic Park Outer

*In the outer, wet and muddy
Standing on a box
Straining for a glimpse of Tuddy
Soaking to my jocks*

*Badges on my duffle coat
Beanie on my head
Footy scarf tied around my throat
"You look the part" Dad said*

*In the outer, by his side
There was nothin' better
And down it poured, nowhere to hide
We just kept gettin' wetter*

*But nowhere else I'd rather be
When I was 10 years old
But in that outer, him and me
In the rain and hail and cold*



Big Uncle Bob

In the '90s they call it child abuse and neglect,
in the '60s it was just a Saturday at the footy.
Pete the Pieman has never been the same since.

I don't remember the year. We were standing almost next to the players race for the home rooms at Vic Park.

The same race that years later I watched our heroes run out from at training on that crisp, glorious Thursday night before the 1990 Grand Final.

Earlier that day "We" had lost – to North Melbourne. It was my first game of VFL football.

The main thing I remember about it was that I was small, a bit nervous in a packed, standing room only crowd and that I saw my hero – Ken Turner – carried off, blood streaming from a head cut inflicted, accidentally or otherwise, by Allen Aylett God! Our supporters hated him.

I can still remember the boos echoing around Victoria Park as our brave and so fair warrior was carried in to the rooms for treatment.

Goodness knows what the medicos might have done to him in those days – and no anaesthetic, I suspect.

We got belted, and at home!

And I hadn't even heard of North Melbourne at the time.

My Dad, who had been a good 'bush' sportsman but who was severely restricted by chronic asthma, had talked Mum into

letting me go to the footy with Uncle Bob. Uncle Bob Makeham was a Collingwood giant – 10 years service, Life Membership, played (and played very WELL according to club records) in all four of the four-in-a-row Premiership sides.

Bob asked Dad and a couple of mates to go to the game – early sixties, maybe late fifties, I think.

Bob drove.

On the way they unmercifully teased the bloke squashed into the seat next to me, Charlie Beach.

He didn't say a word. Very

intense fella was Charlie.

I may have learnt something from him, without knowing it at the time. When my Mum found out Charlie had come with us, she was crook on Dad. Reckoned Charlie was a nutter.

"He puts a damn blanket over the TV when they lose" she said, "Won't let his wife watch the telly till Monday".

I found out later it was true.

I liked him then, and now, forty years later, I understand EXACTLY where he was coming from.

I still remember Bob flashing his membership medallion to get us past the doorman, into the home rooms after the match.

Goodness knows what
the medicos might
have done to him in
those days.

My eyes were on stilts – I'd never seen a bunch of naked men before – four to a bath, huge they were (the baths AND the men, to me) and the water steaming off them as they rose to towel off.

The after match function, deep in the bowels of the Ryder Stand, was something I can now relate to.

It was exactly what I became used to when playing country footy (badly). Cold pies and beer in long necks etc.

I wanted to meet Graeme Fellowes, 6'7" in the old language – the tallest player in the league. Bob, Dad and the boys had enjoyed the day and Bob indulged my nagging and took me up to this fellow.

No joke, I just tilted my head back and looked up and up and up – I said:

"Is that Graeme Fellowes?" and Bob said: "No, this is Ray Gabelich."

He was bloody huge.

All 6 foot of him.

I met Graeme later and found it wasn't that much more effort to see his face if I craned my neck back far enough.

After Ray it wasn't such a big buzz somehow.

It ended up being a long, lonely night for me as the men retired to the social club and I sat in the foyer for quite a few hours . . . alone.

It gave me time to study the pictures, the honour boards, the

trophies – Dad came out every now and then with a token lemonade and said: "It won't be long now – we'll be on our way." Eventually we were.

Bob was a wealthy man – I suppose being a Collingwood hero did that to you in those days.

I have to say he wasn't a great driver though, I was scared on the way home Mercedes or no Mercedes. Bob was as pissed as.

We were in super thick fog and none of us had a clue where we were.

We found ourselves on a footpath with shop windows a metre away from the driver's side of the car. We stopped.

They made me get out and ask the guy in the shop where we were – he said "North Melbourne".

I began to worry a bit at that stage – it could have been anywhere on earth as far as I was concerned.

Mum was pretty testy when we finally, somehow, made it back to Korumburra – more good luck than anything else, I suppose. You certainly couldn't do it these days.

I didn't cry when Collingwood lost that day.

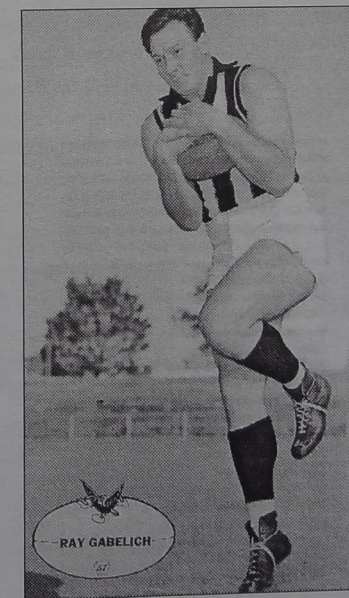
I didn't cry when we lost in 1970 either.

I cried after the tie, not after the replay.

And I was 41 and a half years of age in 1990 and I started to cry during the third quarter.

We all knew we'd won it by then.

Uncle Bob Makeham was a Collingwood giant – 10 years service, Life Membership, played (and played very WELL according to club records) in all four of the four-in-a-row Premiership sides.



Ray Gabelich: Another giant Collingwood six-footer



Paul Niall

House Rules

Like many Magpie fans, I was indoctrinated into the tribe at a very early age.

Not only was I taken to games, I used to drop in to training on the way home from school and eventually worked there when I was old enough. When you have known nothing else, it is not easy to see the uniqueness of the culture.

As I grew older my own sporting activities, young family and career meant that I was absent from 'Victory Park' for some time.

I made the trek from Traralgon where I was living at the time to see Collingwood play the Swans.

I bought with me my young son so that he could experience what it was like to stand on the outer wing at the real home of football, to be surrounded by a different family, the Collingwood family.

There were relatively few Swans supporters that day so the atmosphere

was less combative amongst the crowd.

It was only minutes into the first quarter when Collingwood scored the first behind at the scoreboard end.

Merv Neagle was full back and waited for the ball to be thrown back over the fence.

It didn't come back. It wasn't because it had gone over the fence or that somebody had pinched it.

It was because no one would pick it up and throw it back.

Merv had to jump the fence (just like at a up-country match), find the ball among the Collingwood crowd and jump back into the ground again to restart play.

It was one of the funniest things I'd seen at the ground and reminded me that we are a special breed.

It also achieved the purpose of my visit, to show my young son what it is to be a Collingwood fan at home at Victoria Park.



Youth Policy Madness!!

Noel Judkins - Madman or Genius?

Collingwood recruiting manager Noel Judkins has put his career on the line with a radical recruiting strategy that has senior club officials scratching their heads in disbelief.

Judkins, the mastermind behind the success of the 'Baby Bombers' in the early 90's has earned a reputation for himself as the best spotter of young football talent in the country.

Reputations go a long way in football and Judkins is putting his faith and reputation on the line by insisting on drafting a young player known only as 'Project X'.

Hot Pies Special Investigation Unit has

discovered a bizarre and elaborate scheme where Project X (pictured below) is at the centre of a draft tampering scheme with the potential to bring the club to its knees.

Project X is a 10 year old whose playing career began in the Goulburn Valley League less than two years ago.

The talented on-baller dominated a recent intra-school practice match racking up a massive 13 disposals.

Based upon this impressive performance Project X is the main plank of Collingwood's future team plans.

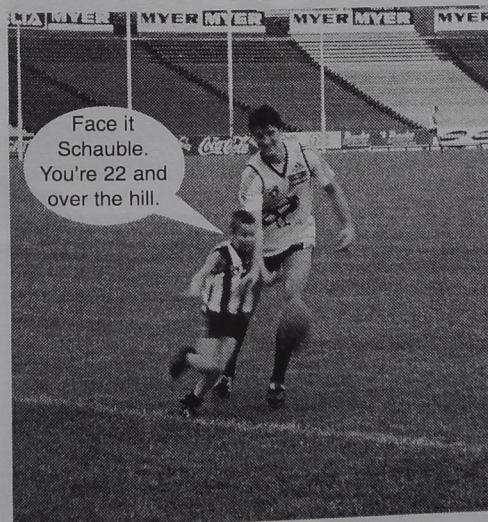
It is understood that Judkins intends to beat the draft by tampering with official

documents including birth certificates in an attempt to squeeze this 10 year old sensation onto the senior list as early as next season.

Sources close to Judkins claim: "He's 4'5" and still growing, his potential is unlimited, he's the most exciting draft prospect since Brett Chalmers."

Football Operations Manager Neil Balme is aware of the sensitivity surrounding this bizarre plot and when questioned by *Hot Pies* maintained the cloak of silence answering: "I have no idea what you are talking about. What Project X player? *?@#1& off and get out of my office before I get Monkey to throw you out."

Will sanity prevail or will we find ourselves in the biggest draft controversy the game has ever seen.



Gods, heroes & villains

Vicky Park, I gave you the best years of my life

It's impossible to capture in words the enormity of the feelings, emotions and memories inspired by our spiritual home, Victoria Park.

Gods, heroes, villains and all types of characters have graced the fields and terraces of Victoria Park. It has been a place of triumph, celebration, humour and on rare occasions, despair.

It all started for me 30 years ago as a wide-eyed five year old when every second Saturday, Mum, Dad and big brother would pack our bags and head across town for a big day out at Vic Park.

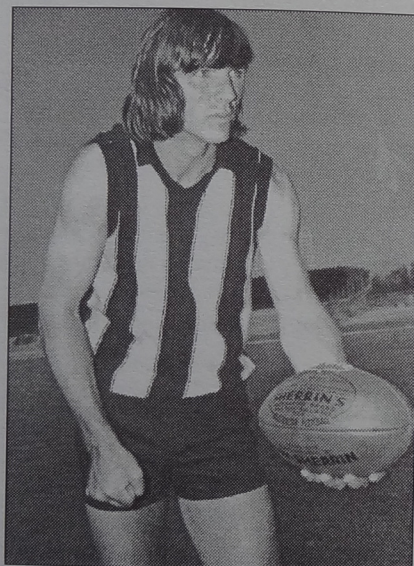
The sense of anticipation as we walked through the streets of Collingwood and filed into the black and white adorned Rush Stand was enormous.

This was the time of McKenna, Thommo, Pricey, The Richardsons, Tuddy, Greening and many more. Victory was expected, in fact demanded, every week and justice prevailed on most occasions.

Beer flowed freely from eskies and fights broke out between drunken Collingwood mates or against foolhardy opposition supporters who had the audacity or stupidity to voice their unwanted opinions.

On the field, McKenna was God. Most of my memories are of the longhaired No. 6 marking on a fast lead and kicking squillions of goals from anywhere on the park.

His kicking style and execution was simply perfect and will never be surpassed and he was idolised by all.



His 100th goal in 1970 against those Carlton scumbags was the most exhilarating experience a six-year-old could ever wish for.

Next year in '71, his 13 goals on the aptly named Bomber pounce, Sandy Talbot, when we scored 30.20 to 7.11, was another unforgettable day.

This was the day that Vic Park erupted on and off the ground with cheersquad punch-ups, banner wrecking and flogger fires, as Tuddy the temporary traitor returned as Bomber coach.

As a teenager, we entered into the, all too brief, time of Fabulous Phil Carman, with the promise of speckies, freak goals, flair and a bit of violence every week. He was ably supported by the feats of the emerging heroes Picken, Kink, Moore, R. Shaw and Barham.

And then it happened, on April 28 1979, Vic Park was the stage for the commencement of The Daicos Era.

On this day of celebration, we witnessed the birth of a genius as he gathered 30 silky possessions to inspire us to destroy St Kilda - 31.21 to 3.11.

From this day until his premature departure, Daics made Vic Park the stage for his special magic show.

He kicked goals from every conceivable position and situation and made Vic Park the greatest entertainment venue in the world.

On the ten year anniversary of his inauguration, again with 30+ brilliant possessions, he teamed up with BT (9 goals) to destroy the Saints again.

BT was another who provided us with classic memories. In his first game at Vic Park his fight with Dees' Danny Hughes, in 1985, and his immediate follow up of strong marks, 2 goals and "up yours Hughes" were inspirational.

He finished with 7 and we all walked away happy with the four points and a new hero was born.

1990 saw the greatest celebrations ever witnessed at Vic Park, after the greatest Grand Final victory ever played.

As a teenager, we entered into the, all too brief, time of Fabulous Phil Carman, with the promise of speckies, freak goals, flair and a bit of violence every week.

Saturday night, Sunday and Monday on the hallowed turf and in the Social Club we watched replays, held the Cup and drank copious amounts of beer in an attempt to polish off the fortress like stack of VB slabs at the front of the social club.

Sadly, as the '90s rolled on, the reality started to take hold in that we realised that one day soon we

would no longer be able to add to these magical memories.

The AFL would shaft us at any opportunity to move games away and they only scheduled games against insignificant interstaters.

Despite limited opportunities, we were still able to see Captain Bucks assume the mantle of the King of Vic Park with countless football lessons and 35 & 40 possession games.



Big Sav rekindled childhood memories of Gigantor and excited us on many occasions with big bags of 11 and 10s and with 70 and 80 metre drop punt goals.

As I prepare to sign off, hundreds more memories come flooding back.

The AFL may well be closing the door on Vic Park, but the memories it inspired will be with us forever.

It was not just a football ground; it was a temple, a sanctuary, and a nursery and a stage for the greatest performers on earth.

It was and will always be OUR HOME. May god continue to bless it forever, as it has blessed us for over 100 years.



The Passing of a Legend

Let us begin with some of my history. My Grandfather (known as Jock) was tough. He grew up in tough times, in a tough suburb, in a tough family.

The family home was situated in Turner Street, Abbotsford for the uninformed next to the hallowed football ground known as Victoria Park in an era when you had to be a Mad Mic to gain admittance to the ground.

My Great Grandmother (my Grandfather's mother and strangely also known as Jock) had to commit some atrocious crimes to keep the family fed. In one famous incident she was known to have dropped the milkman's horse with a straight left in order to steal it's feed bag. It's with this sort of folklore and tradition that Pie supporters were spawned all over Melbourne.

We travel forward in time to 1996. Captain Courageous has just taken over as senior coach.

Having witnessed the raping of the VFL in order to form the "National Competition" and starting to believe that football as I knew

it was dead, I thought Shawry may be able to bring a touch of tradition and toughness back to my beloved Pies. I couldn't have been more wrong.

The last true bastion of VFL footy was about to be desecrated. I speak of my beloved Can Bar (the original Vic Park Social Club)

An establishment steeped in history, where three generations of my family

learnt the fine art of over consumption progressing to total confusion.

A place where you could retreat from the elements to watch the

remainder of a certain victory from the comfort of a smoke infested, 40's decorated, male dominated alcohol induced asylum, and people wonder why families no longer want to go to the footy.

Sadly for a family who had put so much into maintaining the magnificent tradition of the hated

Collingwood supporter an era was over.

It could be seen as poetic justice that the Can Bar was eventually converted into a gym.



tigerus gomissingus: ONCE THOUGHT EXTINCT, THIS SCAVENGING BIOPED'S NUMBERS HAVE STABILIZED DESPITE A COMPULSION TO EAT ITS OWN.

Shaking hands with Mr McHale

It's 1999, and I'm fifty-five years old! I'm the Chairman of the C17C Archive Committee. The 'Black & White' has been in my family's blood for generations.

In 1949 I was five years old and we lived in Liberty Parade, West Heidelberg.

One day my mother Zene, my little sister Linda and I went to visit my grandfather, John Bryce, in Leicester Street, Preston.

There was a large black Buick parked out front of his house, a chauffeur sitting at the wheel.

Two men, sipping beer, were sitting in the parlour with my grandfather.

The taller of the two, a balding man, with an impish grin, hugged my mother and I was told to shake hands with Mr McHale.

This I did and to this day I can remember the strength and power in McHale's large hands.

I was wearing a Collingwood guernsey knitted by my grandmother. I remember Mr McHale saying, as he ruffled my hair, 'When are you coming down to training son?'

Mr Wren, McHale's companion, and my grandfather, John Bryce, laughed heartily.

John Bryce my grandfather, was Jock McHale's close friend, since they had worked at the CUB Brewery together for many years, and they were also brothers-in-law!

Jock McHale had married my grandmother's sister, Violet Angel.

In addition, my mother was Jock McHales' god-daughter. After a while Jock McHale asked me if I had ever been to see Collingwood play at Victoria Park. 'No,' I said, as I sadly shook my head.

'Well', he said as he reached into his pocket and produced tickets for my mother, sister and me.

'Come on Saturday, we're playing St Kilda at Victoria Park and we'll win for you!' Mr Wren beckoned me over to his side. He gave me 'two bob' and said, 'You'll need this for some refreshments'.

I looked at my mother, she nodded approvingly and smiled.

I thanked Mr McHale and held the treasured tickets tightly in my hand. Jock McHale grinned mischievously and winked at me.

I shyly thanked Mr Wren for the money. I sat at my grandfathers feet near the open fire listening with wonder to the three men and my mother talk Collingwood and football.

That Saturday 4th June 1949 was an event I'll never forget! My father drove us in the old Ford to Preston station and we caught the train, a red rattler, to Victoria Park station. I was very excited and remember the train was very crowded with footy fans

dressed in black and white with scarves around their necks and carrying magpie flags and cane picnic baskets. My mother also had a basket filled with delicious goodies like lamb sandwiches, fruit cake, home-made lamingtons and a thermos of piping hot tea.

When we arrived at Victoria Park station we walked down a long ramp and made our way to the entrance and passed through the turnstiles.

I remember thinking I'll never see the game as all the people seemed so tall. But our seats, just wooden benches, on which we placed a rug, situated in the Ryder Stand offered a fantastic view.

We watched the end of the Reserves game and then a church-like silence seemed to come over the crowd as the ground was prepared for the arrival of the first eighteen.

When the 'Black and White' streamers which had been woven across the players' race were broken by Captain Phonse Kyne as the team ran onto the ground, the crowd suddenly roared! I watched the Collingwood team kick the footballs around with mounting excitement. I was awe struck!

A siren sounded and the umpire held the ball aloft at the centre circle. He bounced the football high into the air and I sat



transfixed for the remainder of the game.

I can't remember any specific highlights, but I was exhausted with emotion at the conclusion of the game.

The final siren sounded and the supporters went wild. Collingwood had kicked 21.22: 148 points thrashing St Kilda 4.12: 36 points. After the game Gordon Carlyon, the Club secretary, took us down to the players' rooms.

I watched the team singing 'Good Old Collingwood Forever' and then Jock McHale came over and asked: 'I hope you enjoyed that game Wayne, we won for you!'

I replied, 'Mr McHale, the footy game was terrific.' He gave me a football signed by all the players. I was speechless.

That was my first experience of Victoria Park, a memory I will remember for as long as I live.

Jock McHale

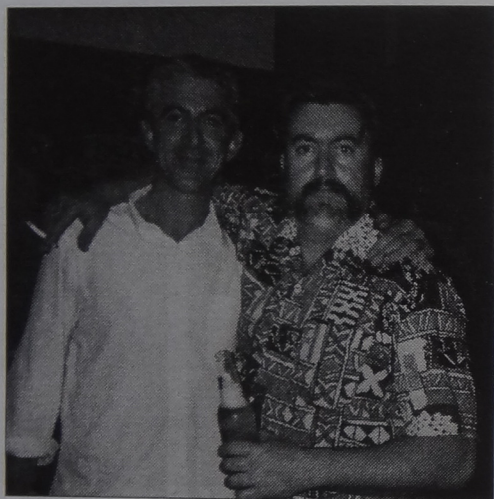
- Played 261 games
- Coach 1912-1950
- 10 Premierships

Jack Wren

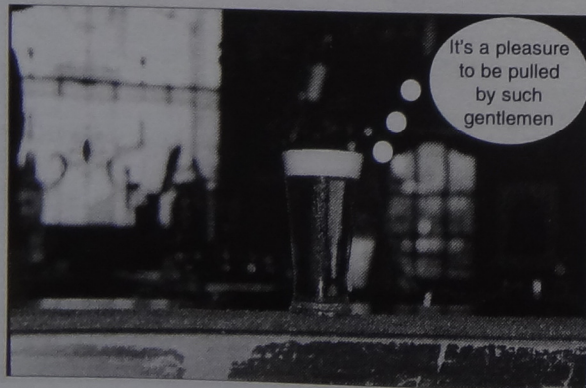
- Really rich fella who pulled strings and could get things done for the club

Hot Pies

Salutes



The Greatest Publicans of the Twentieth Century



Len Thompson

Conversion to the Faith

Falling in love is as easy as driving from Punt Road up to Hoddle Street.

As a young bloke and a Richmond supporter, Victoria Park was the last place you wanted to go.

Although the Tigers were not a great team at this time, the rivalry between the teams and more importantly the neighbouring suburbs was immense.

Most times we would leave very deflated. Then in 1963 as a sixteen year old junior I was invited to play at Collingwood.

The reason was that I lived in their metropolitan territory, plus they must have thought I had some talent.

Well, to say that hate turned to love overnight is only slightly overstating the events that followed.

The died in the wool supporters who lifted you up on a pedestal, the fear you could feel from opposing teams when they made the journey to Victoria Park.

For years I didn't know whether it was the fear of competing against the black and white football warriors

or the trek through the gladiators (read: supporters) to get into and out of the ground.

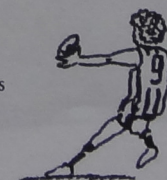
Winning games from 10 goals down at half time, Magpie supporters setting fire to the Essendon Cheer Squad's floggers and hating the game for 20 minutes or the sheer joy of being on the same Victoria Park with teammates like Des Tuddenham, Peter

McKenna, Phil Carmen, Barry Price, Ted Potter, Graeme Jenkins and Terry Waters; coached by legends of the club like Bob Rose, Neil Mann, Ron Richards and Murray Weideman all of whom created their own history on the turf at Victoria Park.

Finally Victoria Park and

Collingwood gave me the opportunity to meet and continue friendships with the club heroes like Harry Collier, Lou Richards, Alby Pannam and Percy B???

All combined, Victoria Park oval has furnished a major part of my memory bank.





The Sniper

Kickbacks & Karma

Confessions of a Bluecoat

The best job I ever had was working at Victoria Park in 1990.

I was a Bluecoat. I got the job thru the brother of a mate. The job was very complicated and it was divided into two significant parts.

The first was manning the gates on Turner Street. This part was easy because I could sit down and ease thru my standard Saturday morning hangover.

The second part was more complicated.

Crowd control at the Yarra Falls end of Vic Park. Yeah right. I was meant to crouch in the forward pocket (Turner Street) and

retrieve anything that found its way onto the ground from the outer. Streamers, bottles, inflated frangers, the odd lippy opposition and over excited Magpie fans.

It was a dirty job. Following my first few stints ending with cramp, constant abuse and heckling from the outer, I decided that it was a job somebody else should do.

They didn't see a fellow Magpie fan, all they saw was a Bluecoat. Not quite the enemy, but officialdom nonetheless.

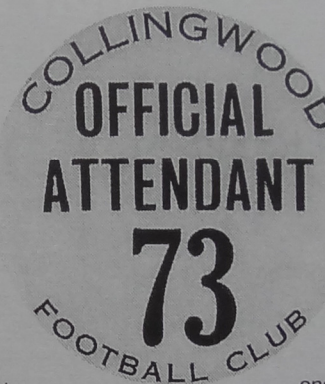
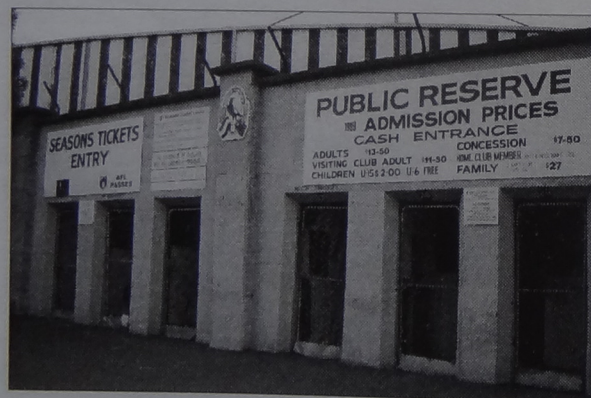
So I used to discard the old smelly Bluecoat after the first part of my job was over, stuff it in my bag, watch the game from behind

the goals, put the Bluecoat on at the end of the game and go and collect my pay for the day.

As I said, it was a beautiful job.

But it got better. Around the same time I gave up being the bunny on the ground was about the same time I got introduced to Gazza.

Now Gaz had a nice little earner on the side going on. Inevitably of a



Saturday we would get the call that it was a lockout, bar any straggling Collingwood members.

Standing the gates suddenly became a lucrative venture. Now well may one question my ethics in accepting money from punters to let them into an already over-crowded ground but let me tell you it was easy.

Gazza also laid down a few ground rules that eased the conscience. Twenty bucks minimum but no negotiating higher, but if somebody offered you more you could take it. Don't get greedy and don't get caught.

For me I saw my actions as a service. A lot of the people had really legitimate stories on why they were late or else had friends waiting for them on the inside and there was always room for a couple more. They were happy, I was happy, everybody was happy.

Unfortunately some of the money I saved working my extra job at Vicky Park (and thru the generosity of some of those tardy Collingwood supporters) was used to fund my overseas trip to India.

They didn't see their fellow Magpie fan, all they saw was a Bluecoat. Not quite the enemy, but officialdom nonetheless.

I had deliberately booked my flight for the Wednesday after the Grand Final – allowing I thought, in all my one-eyed confidence, for a Magpie entrance into the Granny that year and for three or four days of celebration post-Premiership.

I was right about everything except that bloody draw in the semi's. Some say it was karma, I just say it's part of the lot of being a Magpie fan. I did manage to listen to the last fifteen minutes over a very dodgy phone line in Calcutta with the

corresponding piece held to the radio by Dad in downtown Lower Templestowe.

But I didn't end up seeing a videotape until I met a mate in Bangkok three long months later and we took over that kickboxing girlie bar on Patpong Road and watched it three times thru.

I had already heard about the legendary parties that celebrated our first flag in many a year and and so I had 32 rice whiskies, one for each of those desolate years and I duly felt that I had also given our 14th Flag its rightful salute.



From Tassie with love

It's been 30 years since I last set foot on Victoria Park.

I'd like to say that I was born with black and white blood, but have to admit that Collingwood literally came to me out of a hat. When my family moved from Tassie my older brother told me that now that I lived in Melbourne I had to barrack for a team and then presented me with a hat full of names to draw from and from that hat I drew the team that I've followed ever since.

My passion for the Pies grew from that moment because, as a Collingwood supporter, I discovered that I had to constantly be aware of results and statistics and all things Collingwood so that I could defend both Collingwood and myself from the anti-Pie factions.

It wasn't until my teenage years, when I was old enough to get myself to the footy on the train, that I actually saw Collingwood in the flesh, that was 1965 and I was 14. From that time on, Saturdays during the footy season were spent on tram and train following the Pies around Melbourne, and, most years, to Kardinia Park.

Whenever we had a home game, which was almost every other week, off my brother Graham and I would go to Vic Park, duffel-coated and carrying a full days supply of food and drink.

We would arrive very early, about an hour before the Reserves match, and set

ourselves up in 'our' seats.

Same place every time Collingwood played at home, year after year.

Four'n'twenty pies were always the go for lunch or if we went for a bit of a walk we could get a hot dog.

There was an old bloke (well he seemed old to me at the time) who sold hotdogs that he kept hot in a 44 gallon drum heated over a wood fire.

He wouldn't last two minutes these days, but hygiene wasn't uppermost in our minds then.

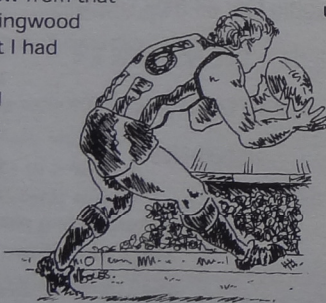
A bob would get you a sav on a piece of bread with a glug of sauce, and they were beautiful, the perfect compliment to a day at the footy.

If we still had money, we could get a bag of peanuts from the 'earnut' man.

He wandered the ground with a hessian bag full of unshelled peanuts shouting 'earnuts... earnuts' and for sixpence you could get a bag that seemed to last forever.

I moved back to Tassie and haven't been back to Vic Park and it looks as though I won't make it now.

There is a positive aspect to that: Victoria Park for me was the people, the atmosphere and the place that existed in those few years in the mid to late 60s and that memory is very dear, I suspect that things are different now.



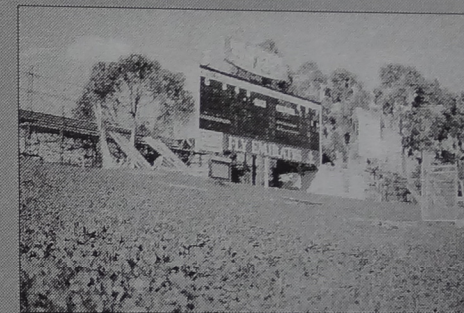
The green, green grass of home

As the VFL disappeared and the national competition expanded, Victoria Park has been slowly (and literally) put out to pasture. I can't recall the year exactly, but I think it was '94 or '95 when I turned up with my brother to find grass sprouting over the old gravel mudheap in front of the scoreboard.

In classic Collingwood style, the groundsman had stepped outside his area of responsibility and allowed the lawn from the playing field to overtake the terraces. We loved it.

For about three years in a row after that, Collingwood did not lose a game at its traditional home. Amongst those victories was the last-round thumping of ladder-leader Brisbane in August 1996 – one of those rare moments of complete football happiness.

Sure, we'd missed the finals but we had green grass under foot, green cans in our hand and next season looked mighty promising. Once again, Victoria Park had made the world seem perfectly ordered.



Innercity Royboy

As a long time, long suffering, Fitzroy supporter, I feel qualified to comment on the current plight of my not so civilised neighbours in East Fitzroy (Collingwood for those of you who are geographically challenged).

I too suffered with the indignation of my team dwelling in the cellar, of the constant jibes and downright nasty teasing from opposition supporters, and even the media based ridicule.

So I know how you all must be feeling.

Therefore I offer you this solace.

If I still had a team to follow we'd allow you to put a little Magpie on our shorts (but only on the spot directly positioned behind the cake hole).

We'd invite you down to the last truly civilised suburban ground (Brunswick St), so we could spit on you, throw cans at you, have our mothers whack you with maroon and blue brollies, and our grandmothers yell at you in a language that the clergy do not know!

A mob of us might then surround the most meek and mild of you to provoke into a brawl.

If you were really lucky we could send you home with a Buckley jaw, a scratched neck, and more than likely have given you a couple of ankle taps in the style of an early Tony Francis.

You see this is what I will miss when Vicky Park finally blows it's last siren.

And we all know the place has blown for years. I already miss the battle in the outer, under the scoreboard, when Fitzroy would venture across Smack St.

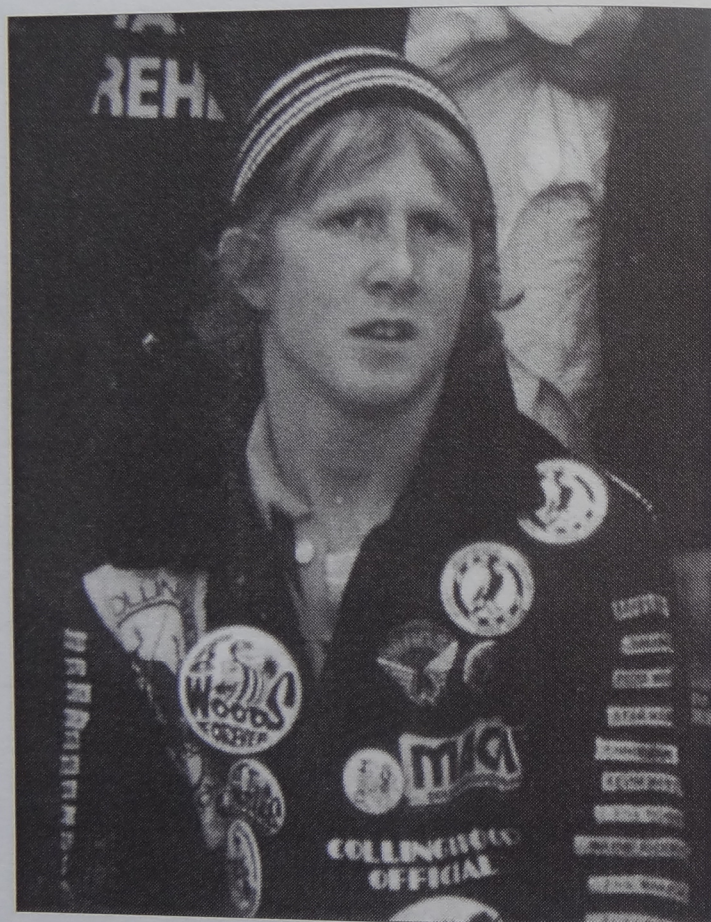
Or the relative luxury of transgressing into the Collingwood Social Club, (always without a medallion, always in Paul Roos' jumper) and giving it to as many of you troglodytes as I could before my imminent ejection.

So just be thankful that you are only losing your ground, not your whole bloody club. Otherwise you may end up as bitter and twisted as me.

Hang on, you lot were always more twisted than me.

Strawba the Roy Boy

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Collingwood at Victoria Park

Michael Roberts' latest tome on the greatest football club in the world is probably his best effort yet. Collingwood at Victoria Park is a classic. This definitely aint no coffee table book destined to gather dust and fall out of fashion, then relegated to some far flung book shelf in years to come.

It records in minute and revealing detail the history of the ground and the memories that the Club and the ground and those that attended have shared over the years.

It's the sort of book that you think you are going to spend five minutes browsing through and end up wasting entire days, if not weeks, poring over the text and the magnificent pictures.

The title, in all its simplicity, evokes all those memories of listening to opposition fans discussing their weekend assignment: "Who've you got this week?" would ask one. The reply was never just "Collingwood" if it was an away game, it was always "Collingwood at Victoria Park" and it was said with a sense of dread. The mate would look at the condemned man as if he was looking at him for the last time. "Good luck, you're going to need it." or "You're not seriously thinking of going are you?" But to us the phrase Collingwood at Victoria Park evokes the pride and power of our Club.

I remember my folks had a great book at home called The Paddock That Grew chronicling the history of the G. I used it for General Studies assignments every year of my Primary School education. Every year a new teacher, every year the same assignment.

Now future generations of junior Collingwood fans can use this book as their quintessential reference tool to the history of the great ground.

Therefore every Collingwood household, every future Collingwood household and indeed any Collingwood supporters having unprotected sex should not be without this publication. It's a must.

And Hot Pies in all its generosity is giving away a free copy to anybody that subscribes between now and early December so we can send it to you in time for Christmas. (So you can give it somebody in your household as a gift thereby enabling you both to read it and be very popular at the same time)

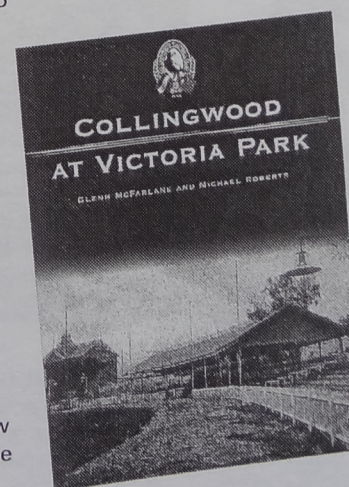
Subscribers that still have some editions to go on their subscription will also go into the Maggie beanie draw.

The book retails for \$49.95 is published by Lothian Books and you'll find it in most bookshops, don't you worry about that.

Subscriptions will be \$12 for four editions.

Send your cheque made out to Ben McAuliffe to Hot Pies, PO Box 6046, Collingwood North 3066, Melbourne VIC.

And if you want back copies to be included in the subscription clearly state which editions you want.



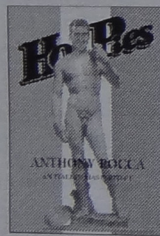
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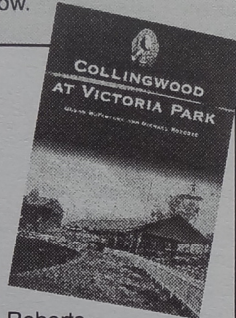
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The winner of last month's Tommy was Tim Strike of Sapporo.



Back Issues

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Hot Pies is available outside the grounds and now at the following places:
Minotaur, Bourke Street, City; Polyester Books, Brunswick Street, Fitzroy;
Melbourne Sports Books, 9 Elizabeth Street, City; The Melbourne Barber Shop, LaTrobe Street, City;
The Napier Hotel, Moor Street, Fitzroy - back copies are also available at Hot Pies HQ.

A FRED NEGRO PRODUCTION

FOOTY MOUTH NICOLE KIDMAN IN A FILM BY STANLEY KUBRICK PIES WIDE SHUT

THE MIGHTY PIES SHITTIN' ON THE TIGERS IS BETTER THAN ROOTIN' NICOLE KIDMAN!

UHH, NICOLE HONEY, COULD YOU MOVE YOUR HEAD A SMIDGE... I JUST WANNA SEE THE MASS EXODUS OF LOSER TIGER SUPPORTERS LEAVING AT 3/4 TIME ON THE REPLAY...





Farewell Victoria Park



Times are changin' so they say
We gotta move ahead
No room for sentiment today
Move on – the past is dead

But tell that to a Magpie fan
On this – our final day
And we'll defy you to a man
We don't see it that way

We'll stand together one last time
We'll cheer & weep & sing
And all our voices – so sublime
Won't change a bloody thing

The Sherrin & the Ryder Stand
The passion in the members
The Outer was another land
No fire now – just embers

A fearsome place for other teams
A battlefield – a mystery
A place of hope & faith & dreams
But now it's football history

I guess we'll leave there teary-eyed
We've left our final mark
And something beautiful has died
Farewell Victoria Park